



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



LOST IN THE SLUMS.
 Fluffy Ruffles looked quite serious. It's selfishness, she sighed,
 To know so little of the world, its interests vast and wide,
 And deep below the crust of life such miseries exist,
 Think that I must try to be a sociologist.

So Fluffy donned a slumming suit, quite plain, but far from dowdy,
 And sought a quarter of the town described as very rowdy.
 Her dimples all were quite suppressed, she wore a look severe,
 And in a cunning little book wrote observations drear.



Alas for Fluffy Ruffles, she had found a part of town
 Where streets go crossways for a while and then run up and down.
 Bewildered, Fluffy looked about, and in a corner spied
 An elegant policeman, handsome, brave and true and tried.



Help her? Would he? Well, yes, rather. So they started for a car,
 And presently another cop espied them from afar,
 And came to join the escort. And this happened soon again:
 The world seemed full of kindly, idle, big blue-coated men.



One left a busy crossing with motors in a maze
 And terrified old ladies in a struggle with the drays.
 Another dropped a new arrest, he said the charge could wait,
 And propped him up conveniently against a nearby gate.
 And finally at a corner four deserted from a raid,
 Till it seemed to Fluffy Ruffles she was leading a parade.

The cars seemed very far away, the route wound in and out,
 Till Fluffy wondered if her escort knew their way about.
 She had a little feeling that they might have hurried more,
 And when at last they reached the track she thanked them o'er and o'er.

Next morning at headquarters ten patrolmen indiscreet
 Appeared to answer to the charge of having been off beat.
 But Fluffy Ruffles, too, was there to voice her little plea,
 "Aha!" remarked the judge. "so that is why—I see—I see—
 Charges dismissed" he added, "and my findings I direct
 Be entered on the records, Justifiable neglect!"

